

SUNDAY WANT ADS July 11 -- 8456

VOL. 72. NO. 322.

RESOLUTE LEADS BY TWO MILES ON SECOND LEG OF RACE

TURKS TOLD TO OBEY OR QUIT EUROPE FOR GOOD

Ally, in Drastic Reply to
Objections of "Sublime
Porte", Say Mohammed-
dians Must Sign Treaty or
Take the Consequences.

WILSON TO DECREE ARMENIA'S BOUNDS

Turkey Held Unfit to Gov-
ern Other Nationalities and
Areas Where Other Races
Are in Majority Will Be
Liberated.

By the Associated Press.

LONDON, July 11.—A threat to
drive the Turk from Europe, "once
and for all," is contained in the
allyed reply to the Turkish objections
to the peace treaty, made public here
today. Such action might follow
Turkey's refusal to sign the treaty
or her failure to give it effect, the re-
ply states.

The time limit for Turkey to make
known her decision expires at mid-
night, July 27.

The allies have arranged to de-
liver this reply, which takes the form
of an ultimatum, to the "Turkish
peace delegation" in Paris this af-
ternoon. The Turks are informed
that they must signify their willing-
ness to sign the peace treaty within
10 days, failing which the allied
powers will take such action as they
may consider necessary in the cir-
cumstances.

The allies made some minor mod-
ifications in the treaty after the
Turks had presented their protests,
but it is understood these modifica-
tions do not materially affect the
original draft.

The allied reply is couched in the
bluntest language and says:

"If the Turkish Government re-
fuses to sign the peace, all more, if
it finds itself unable to re-establish
its authority in Anatolia or give ef-
fect to the treaty, the allies, in
concordance with the terms of the
treaty, may be driven to reconsider
this arrangement by ejecting the
Turks from Europe once and for all."

"The allies are clear that the time
has come when it is necessary to put
an end once and for all to the em-
pire of the Turks over other na-
tions."

Atrocities Referred to.

The note refers to Turkish "at-
rocities which startled and shocked
the conscience of mankind," and
says it is estimated that since 1914
the Turkish Government has mas-
sacred on the mendacious pretext of
alleged revolt, 800,000 Armenians,
including women and children.

The allies state that they are "re-
solved to emancipate all areas in-
habited by a non-Turkish majority
from Turkish rule." The allies de-
cline to make any modification in the
terms of the treaty which detach
Thrace and Smyrna from the Turkish
rule, since in both areas the Turks
are in the minority. The same con-
sideration applies to the frontiers
between Syria and Turkey.

The allies also decline to change
the provisions which provide for the
creation of a free Armenia "within
boundaries which the President of
the United States will determine as
fair and just." The general terms
of the treaty, with regard to admin-
istration of the straits, must stand
as set forth in the treaty, but the al-
lies will permit the Turks, the same
as Bulgaria, to have a representative
on the commission for the straits.

Among the modifications of the
treaty is the withdrawal of the con-
dition by which Turkey was to cede
to the allies all Turkish steamships
of 1600 tons gross and upward. The
amended clause says the Turks must
surrender to the allied reparations
commission all German ships trans-
ferred to the Turkish flag since
April 1, 1914.

French Move Towards Aleppo and
Damascus, London Hears.

By the Associated Press.

LONDON, July 11.—The French
have begun operations in Syria, mov-
ing toward Aleppo and Damascus,
according to a report printed in the
London Times this morning.

4-Year-Old Boy Drowns in Cistern.
BENTON, Mo., July 11.—The French
4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy
Huttle of Tulsa, Ok., was found dead
today in a cistern at the home of his
grandparents in Christopher.

UNSETTLED WEATHER, WITH THUNDERSHOWERS

THE TEMPERATURES.

1 a. m.	20 11 a. m.	85
4 a. m.	21 1 p. m.	85
7 a. m.	22 3 p. m.	85

Highest yesterday, 85, at 3 p. m.;
lowest, 70, at 9 a. m.

THE BLANK CARTRIDGE IS LOADED WITH DEATH



Official fore-
cast for St. Louis
and vicinity:
Unsettled, prob-
ably with a
thunderstorm
this afternoon or
tonight; tomor-
row fair and
continued warm.

Missouri—Un-
settled, with lo-
cal thundershow-
ers this after-
noon or tonight
in east and south
portions; tomor-
row generally
fair; not much
change in tem-
perature.

Illinois—Local
thundershowers
this afternoon or
tonight; warmer
tonight and in north
portion tomorrow;
tomorrow gener-
ally fair.

LARGE CROWD GREET'S COX ON ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON

Nominee Will Confer With President
Wilson at White House
Tomorrow.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Gov.
Cox, the Democratic presidential
candidate, arrived here at 2:15 p. m.
today, from Columbus, O. He was
greeted by Franklin D. Roosevelt,
his running-mate; a number of party
leaders and government and munici-
pal officials; and a crowd which
packed practically every vantage
point in and about the Union Sta-
tion.

After a reception arranged by the
District of Columbia Commission in
the presidential room at the station,
Gov. Cox drove to the home of Judge
T. T. Ansberry, where he will be a
guest. He will confer with President
Wilson at the White House tomor-
row morning to discuss campaign
plans in general.

ILLINOIS APPLE KING GETS \$50,000 FOR CROP ON TREES

Chris Ringhausen of Calhoun County
Makes Contract With Louis
Cohen of Chicago.

This year's crop of apples on the
farms of Chris Ringhausen, known
as the "Apple King" of Calhoun
County, Illinois, will bring him, it is
estimated, about \$50,000 on the trees,
under a contract he has made with
Louis Cohen of Chicago, who will
stand the expense of picking, pack-
ing, hauling and shipping.

The sale includes the fruit from
four orchards in Calhoun and Jer-
sey counties and is the first big ap-
ple deal of the season in those two
counties, which are noted for the
quality apples that they produce.

Ringhausen's orchards cover
about 780 acres. Last year his crop
brought \$60,000. This year's crop
is short, but prices are higher.

BELA KUN, BEING SENT TO RUSSIA ESCAPES FROM TRAIN

By the Associated Press.

BERLIN, July 11.—Bela Kun, for-
mer Hungarian Communist dictator,
and a number of other Communists
who were being transported from
Vienna to Russia by way of Ger-
many, escaped from the train on the
way to Germany near Oderberg, a
frontier station on the Silesian-
Czechoslovak border, according to a
Berlin dispatch to the Berliner
Zeitung today.

In Tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch

Baseball Stars Tell the Secrets of
Their Success—How Heinie
Groh and Walter Reuther at-
tained the high place they
occupy in the national game.

Two Notable Stories—"Speed,"
by Henry C. Rowland, the first
installment of which will ap-
pear, to be followed by the
two remaining installments
Monday and Tuesday. This is
one of the series of two stories
a week running in the Daily
and Sunday Post-Dispatch.

"The Pellet of Death," by
Richard Washburn Child, will
be printed complete in the
Sunday Magazine.

What Labor Wanted and What
Labor Obtained—An interest-
ing study of platform making
by political parties.

Order Your Copy Today

MOTHERLY-LOOKING WOMAN HELD AS FORGERY SUSPECT

Description of Shopper With
Expensively Dressed Child
Leads to Arrest in Store on
Bad Check Charge.

CHECK FOR \$2 FOUND ON FLOOR NEAR HER

Instrument Made Out to
"Bearer" Similar to Others
Which Bore Forged "O K"

A description of a "motherly
looking woman," who was usually
accompanied by a 4-year-old daugh-
ter with striking and expensive
clothes in contrast to the shabby
shirt waist and black skirt worn by
her mother, led yesterday afternoon
to the arrest of Mrs. Annabel Mc-
Clelland, wife of Homer McClelland,
a telephone lineman and chauffeur,
living at the Ardmore Apartments,
352 North Whittier street.

According to the police, Mrs. Mc-
Clelland made a purchase at the
Six, Baer & Fuller store and pro-
fessed a check for \$2, made out on
the Grand Avenue Bank, to "Bearer,"
and signed with the name of "Dor-
othy Morrison." The salesgirl called
a floorwalker, who took Mrs. Mc-
Clelland to the store office and
turned her over to detectives.

The check was found on the floor
near Mrs. McClelland, who, when
asked, the police say, she denied
having had it in her possession, and
was released on \$500 bond to ap-
pear Wednesday in Judge Kruger's
court.

The arrest came as a sequel to a
search made by the police for a
"motherly looking woman" who, they
allege, has passed about 50 forged
checks at various department stores
since March, by means of forging
upon them the blue-penciled "O K"
of floor walkers. The checks were
all drawn upon either the Grand
Avenue Bank or the New Market
Bank of St. Louis, at Lafayette and
Barnes street, were drawn to
"Bearer," and were signed with
various feminine names.

Detective Waiting for Her.

When the arrest was made, Mrs.
Margaret Healy, a policeman, who
had traced Mrs. McClelland through
an independent investigation, was
waiting for her at the Whittier street
apartment. After three hours, Mrs.
Healy went across the street and tel-
ephoned to headquarters, and was
informed of Mrs. McClelland's ar-
rest.

According to Mrs. Healy, numer-
ous reports have come from depart-
ment stores of forged checks passed
by a "motherly looking woman," al-
ways very plainly attired in shirt-
waist and skirt, with a shabby lit-
tle black hat, and newly always ac-
companied by a beautiful little girl,
bright and talkative, wearing expen-
sive, hand-made clothes.

On last Monday, Mrs. Healy was
summoned to Nugent's, and shown
three forged checks, apparently in
the same handwriting. One of them
bore the "O. K." of Harry Nugent,
who declared it to be fraudulent. She
went to Six, Baer & Fuller, and
there was shown 10 bad checks,
signed with various women's names,
but seemingly in the same handwrit-
ing, judging from the cursive of the
word "Bearer," which appeared in
all.

Raised \$5 Check to \$75.

One check, for \$5, she was told,
was actually countersigned by a
floor walker last Saturday. On Mon-
day the check, raised to \$75, was
presented and cashed, partly in pay-
ment for a purchase, and partly in
change. At the Famous-Barr store
were found 24 forged checks, some
with forged "O. K.'s." Six of these
were passed at the store on the one
day of June 29.

Mrs. Healy went through the files
at one of the stores, searching for
all checks of similar handwriting.
Finally she found one, dated Sept.
5, 1919, and signed with the name of
Annabel McClelland. After investi-
gating the McClellands in the city
directory, she found a Mrs. Mc-
Clelland at the Whittier avenue ad-
dress, who, according to neighbors,
was the mother of a striking little girl.
Taking a salesgirl from the Grand
Avenue store who had cashed one of
the checks, Mrs. Healy went to the
house yesterday afternoon. The lit-
tle girl, Irene, was in charge, her
father being ill in bed and ready to
admitted them when they represent-
ed themselves as Sunday school
workers. The salesgirl, according to
Mrs. Healy, identified the child as
the one who accompanied the "motherly"
passer of checks. They remained three hours, being bright-
ly entertained by the little girl.

SOLDIERS FILL ALL PUBLIC OFFICES IN GALVESTON

Colonel Acting as Chief of
Police as Military Takes
Over All Phases of City
Government.

CIVIL OFFICERS FAILED TO SUPPRESS RIOTS

City Police Charged With
Being in Collusion With
Strikers and Refusing to
Protect Nonunion Men.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

GALVESTON, Tex., July 11.—
Blue-coated policemen have given
way to calvarymen of the Texas Na-
tional Guard. A Colonel occupies
the office of Chief of Police and the
duties of Police Judge are being car-
ried out by a Captain. All phases of
police work have been taken
over by the military authorities un-
der orders of Brigadier-General Ja-
cob F. Wolters, commanding the
troops here, pursuant to a proclama-
tion of Gov. W. P. Hobby in which
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to have failed to uphold the law and
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pletely stripped of

in Boonesboro, Mo.

rett

VANS HAS
-HOLE LEAD
NING ROUND

ing All-Square at
h, Clarence Wolff
Coming Home.

Tenn. July 17.—
Evans of the Edge-
Club, Chicago, was
Clarence Wolff, Sunset
Club, St. Louis, as the
morning round of their
match for the amateur
of the Western Golf

hulan held the former-
ship even on the first
at Evans began to pick
turn trip, winning four
Wolff got only the six-

off to a lead when he
putt for a four on the
the St. Louisan took
on the green to go
next two holes were
play was squared on
Wolff's par three. Wolff
next hole, Evans mis-
not putt for a half,
the sixth, and the last
of the outward trip were

t ahead on the twelfth
par four, and held this
till No. 15, when he in-
lead to two. Wolff won
and took the honor for
e since the fifth hole.
ans came back and won
holes in par golf. Wolff
o-footer for a half on

a 77 for his medal
Wolff took a ragged
wild off of the tees,
ball frequently.

y-hole progress was as

Evans	Wolff	Match
1	4	Evans, 1 up
2	5	Evans, 1 up
3	6	Evans, 1 up
4	7	Evans, 1 up
5	8	Evans, 1 up
6	9	Evans, 1 up
7	10	Evans, 1 up
8	11	Evans, 1 up
9	12	Evans, 1 up
10	13	Evans, 1 up
11	14	Evans, 1 up
12	15	Evans, 1 up
13	16	Evans, 1 up
14	17	Evans, 1 up
15	18	Evans, 1 up
16	19	Evans, 1 up
17	20	Evans, 1 up
18	21	Evans, 1 up
19	22	Evans, 1 up
20	23	Evans, 1 up
21	24	Evans, 1 up
22	25	Evans, 1 up
23	26	Evans, 1 up
24	27	Evans, 1 up
25	28	Evans, 1 up
26	29	Evans, 1 up
27	30	Evans, 1 up
28	31	Evans, 1 up
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31	34	Evans, 1 up
32	35	Evans, 1 up
33	36	Evans, 1 up
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39	42	Evans, 1 up
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86	89	Evans, 1 up
87	90	Evans, 1 up
88	91	Evans, 1 up
89	92	Evans, 1 up
90	93	Evans, 1 up
91	94	Evans, 1 up
92	95	Evans, 1 up
93	96	Evans, 1 up
94	97	Evans, 1 up
95	98	Evans, 1 up
96	99	Evans, 1 up
97	100	Evans, 1 up

Golf Tourney, Sept. 6.
golf championship will be
engineers G. C. Roslyn, L.
11. The women's title
occur at Mayfield C. C.
t. 4 to 9.

TO PLAY THEATERS

WEST END LYRIC
LYRIC SKYDOME
NORTHLAND

TIME TODAY
THE SWEET IN
THE GIRL
THE WEB"

Picture With an
Star Cast.
NEWS and Comedy.

SILVERMAN'S

Concert at the
home at 7:15.

ND LYRIC MATINEE

ALMAN'S ORCHESTRA
CONCERT AT 7:15

MOUNT PICTURES

IE Kings Highway
Near Delmar

ORTH
PRODUCTION
"FACE"
"CHAMPION"

WHO PLAYED
"EMALE," AND
CHANGE YOUR
GREEN'S MOST

GHAN

row as the Young
Studio Life.

CHAP"

NT PICTURE.

ART Delmar at
SDOME Bayview

N
ADDERLY COUPLE

1"
le-Dyed Deceiver"

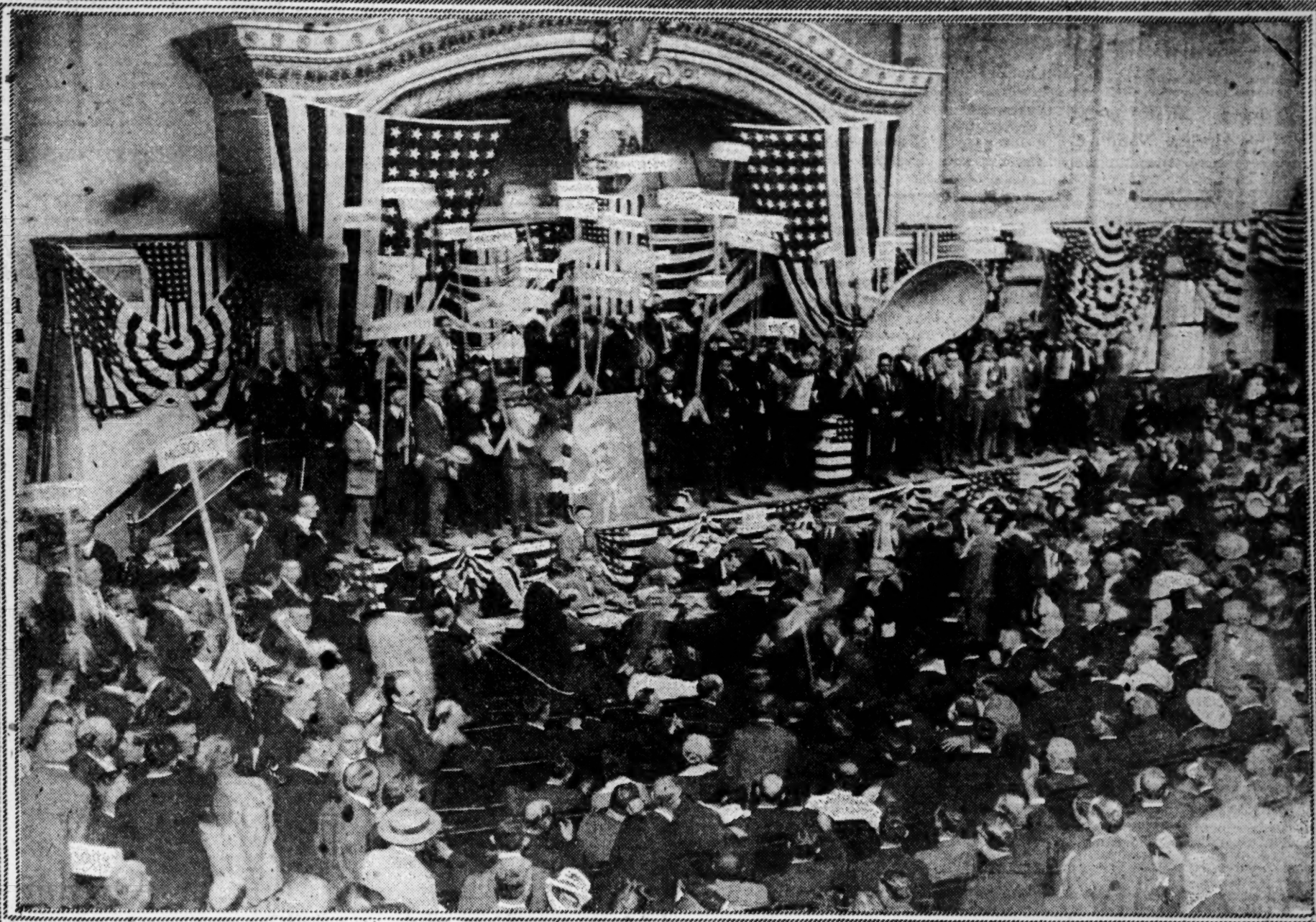
NGRESS

m. Rogers in
Water, Everywhere"
DUNCAN SERIAL

Editorial Page
News Photographs
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1920.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH DAILY MAGAZINE

Fiction, Popular Comics
and Women's Features
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1920.



Demonstration among Labor delegates during recent Third Party Convention at Chicago.



Oratorical face of
Gov. Cox, Demo-
cratic presidential
nominee, as it will
become familiar to
thousands during
the coming cam-
paign. Snapped at
Ohio State Capitol,
Columbus.
—Copyright, International.



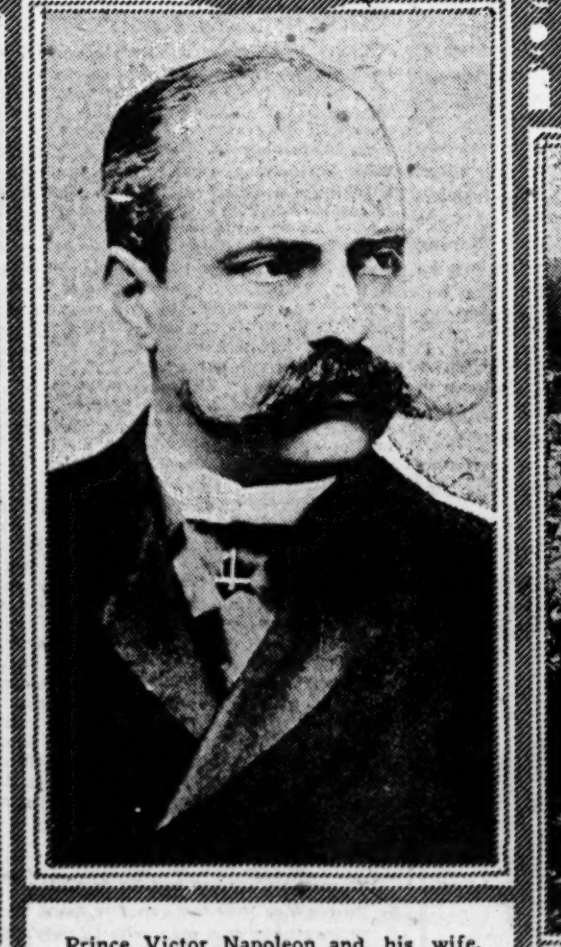
A smile which
is counted
upon to win
votes—Frank-
lin D. Roose-
velt, Democat-
ic candidate for
Vice President,
talking to
"home folks,"
at Hyde Park,
N. Y.
—Copyright,
International.



The farmer vote
may be interested
in this snapshot
of Gov. Coolidge,
Republican nom-
inee for Vice
President. He is
milking a cow
on his father's
farm in Vermont.
—Copyright, Wide
World Photos.



Fishing with rod and line from dirigible balloon is newest evolution in
the art of Isak Walton. A goodly haul off San Pedro, Cal.
—Copyright, International.



Prince Victor Napoleon and his wife,
Princess Clementine, to the former of
whom the late Empress Eugenie be-
queathed the bulk of her large fortune
—Copyright, Keystone View Co.



A view of Spa, Belgium, where the interallied conference made peace between Poland
and Soviet Russia, and negotiated with Germany for the enforcement of the peace treaty.
—Copyright, Keystone View Co.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER
Dec. 12, 1878.
Published by the Pulitzer Publishing Co.,
Twelfth and Olive Streets.

POST-DISPATCH CIRCULATION
Six Months' Average, 1920:
Sunday.....350,150
Daily and Sunday.....209,863

THE POST-DISPATCH PLATFORM.

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles, that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

JOSEPH PULITZER.
April 10, 1907.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Victory for Workers.

The unanimous opinion of the State Supreme Court reversing the decision of the Cole County Circuit Court in the petition to refer the workmen's compensation law which was passed by the Fifth General Assembly to the voters of Missouri was a complete victory for all working people who would have come under the provisions of that law. The validity of the referendum law in Missouri hinged upon the action of the Supreme Court and it was unanimously sustained.

The Attorney-General and the Secretary of State, against whom the injunction was granted by the Cole County Circuit Court to prevent them from certifying to the title of the law on the ballot in the November election, were ably represented by Assistant Attorney-General La Maize, while those who presented the petitions were made co-defendants and were represented by former Attorney-General John M. Atkinson, who conducted most of the examinations in a clear and forceful manner, which brought out all the facts in the case, and enabled the Supreme Court to render a unanimous opinion in favor of referring the law.

Since last November the insurance companies have been trying to force settlements of claims under the provisions of this law and by misstatements they have succeeded in getting the claimants to accept the settlements offered, which, in a larger number of cases, were unsatisfactory. About 300 cases of claims where the injured workmen have refused to settle under the terms of that law were brought to my attention, and several suits have been filed, more suits will follow. Those who were deceived into the belief that they were required to settle under that so-called law should institute legal proceedings to recover the amounts due them.

The law should be defeated. Even those who shouted it was a good law have about 30 amendments ready for the next session of the Legislature to improve it, but there is only one way to get a good workmen's compensation law and that is to present an entirely new and satisfactory one. Respectfully,
MAURICE J. CASSIDY,
Secretary Building Trades Council.

For Priest.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
As a Democrat of 60 years, I would suggest to the Democrats of Missouri to nominate Judge Priest of St. Louis for United States Senator. They expect smooth sailing in November. I consider him a real man of mature judgment and big enough for the job.

DR. E. A. DUNCAN.
Salem, Mo.

Highbrowing the M. O.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
J. Kinsella Wilson thinks that the Post-Dispatch reviewer is attempting to place the summer opera upon a plane too far removed from the appreciation of the great majority; that our municipal presentations should be gauged to "please and attract" the majority. Now, really, Mr. Wilson, should not our municipal presentations be capable of more than to "please and attract" the public? Any popular musical comedy or burlesque can do that. The primary purpose of the municipal opera is to educate.

The attempt of the Post-Dispatch reviewer to become "highbrow" is not primarily to raise the opera above popular approbation, but an entirely commendable attempt to raise the musical and dramatic standards of the public. Inasmuch as the majority of the opera selected are virtually unknown to the public, the opera's increasing attendance is hardly a vindication of the committee's selection of plays.

MAURICE S.

Scratch Is the Word.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
Let's all SCRATCH the political candidates who have their glaring cards tacked on telephone poles, notably along Park avenue and on Grand, in violation of the city ordinance (Section 419 of the Revised Code). This kind of advertising is ineffective, is more than untidy, and is small-town stuff.

The Blank Wall.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
The letter, "Listen to Joe," sounds like a soap-box oration, or a canned speech by a 45-year, known as the reformed orthodox J. W. W. Or it might be the effusion of one of our hyphenates, all of whom continue to hate Woodrow Wilson as cordially now as they did when they were subscribing for Vireck's Fatherland and praying night and morning to the Kaiser.

Yes, Woodrow Wilson gave McAdoo several good-sized jobs, and it is the judgment of informed people that McAdoo handled them well. But there was another man to whom Woodrow Wilson gave a bigger job than all the McAdoo jobs rolled together. That man's name is John J. Pershing, and he handled his job very satisfactorily, too. I have no patience with the malicious, stupid criticism of the great President Wilson. He is one of the very greatest Americans we have. But the esteemed typewriter corrected the "cents" to read "cent." Do you wonder that the two editors, Cox and Harding, wanted to hunt new jobs?—Nashville Tennessean.

Young for Democracy. R. W. H.

SHOWING FROM 19 MISSOURI COUNTIES

By grouping together 19 Missouri counties which have lost inhabitants during the past 10 years and giving out a report on their 1920 population in one statement, the Census Bureau makes an impressive cumulative showing and emphasizes a lesson for the people of this State.

The loss varies from 2.4 per cent in an excellent and well known county as Montgomery, to 19.4 per cent in Ralls County and 19.5 per cent in Hickory County. In the decline in these 19 counties the State of Missouri incurs a total loss in population of 23,988. Ralls County, with 12,913 a decade ago, loses 2501 of its people. Hickory County, with 8741 a decade ago, loses 1708; surely a serious setback in so small a county.

We need be in no uncertainty as to the reasons for a showing so regrettable. In addition to certain special forces operating with unusual strength just now, there are causes of more continuous effect that have been felt during a considerable term of years. These less temporary causes are closely associated with adverse conditions against which the Post-Dispatch has long made war and which have many times had enumeration as contributing irresistibly to place Missouri in the position of a backward State.

In none of these counties is population congested, even in the rural sense. Most of them are thinly settled. A vigorous movement ought long ago to have been inaugurated for bringing new people into them, to occupy their untillized areas and vitalize with new life and activity their abandoned farms. But instead of a movement in, there is a steady movement out. Nine of these sparsely populated counties have each lost 1000 or more people, the loss in others running very close to 1000. Five of them have lost 2000 or more.

The lesson is almost too plain to need pointing out, and still great numbers close their eyes to it. Execrable schools, impassable apologies for highways, lax public administration, demoralizing political conditions, lack of improvements, depressing surroundings, a general tendency toward decay rather than toward quickening impulses, make a disheartening combination.

If the effort in thrifty rural communities is all the time to render them more attractive, to induce the members of farming families to remain on the farms, what is to be said of the status of many Missouri communities which are far below the average and where all effort for betterment is wanting?

The static condition is not common. If a county does not go ahead it will go backward. Loss of public spirit, shiftlessness, unlovely surroundings, absence of the usual incentives to performance start an accelerated move to the rear.

The people of Missouri as a whole are responsible for many of the influences that are holding the State back. There are many things they can do, and ought to do, at once, to check the rearward influences. One of them is to select for the stewardship over the State's affairs men of a new type, men of brains and courage, men who look to something better and higher than petty personal and political advantage.

From the census reports a long column of depressing figures might be made up which the voters ought to take to the polls with them in August and November.

BIBLE LESSON FOR SENATOR REED.

In view of Senator Reed's statement that he is a Democrat and will support the Democratic ticket and of his bitter assaults on the League of Nations, which is the leading issue in the Democratic platform, we suggest that the Senator read the ninth and tenth verses in the twentieth chapter of II Samuel, which follow:

9. And Joab said to Amasa, art thou in truth my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him.

10. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground.

DR. E. A. DUNCAN.

WAGES OF BANK CLERKS.

The average wage of bank clerks in St. Louis is \$30 a month, according to a communication in Letters From the People. The author further states that bank officials say that is the wage paid elsewhere. So the bank clerk, in order to better himself, must change his occupation.

The change of occupation, theoretically, is an option possessed by all workers. Practically, it does not exist in a great many instances. And the fact that it does not exist accounts pretty largely for the origin and growth of labor unions. Unable single-handed to procure relief they have gotten it by organization.

That is the prediction of the bank clerk who has written to the Post-Dispatch. The banks, he says, will presently have to contend with labor unions. "It seems there is no other way to get just wages."

What the facts are as to local bank wages the Post-Dispatch does not presume to say. The testimony at hand is an ex parte statement, which does not indicate the classes of bank employees included in clerks. It may fairly be observed, however, that the wage mentioned is quite inadequate for men with families or dependents. It may further be observed

EDITORIAL SPARKS.

If the Mexicans really want to get rid of Villa they should elect him President.—St. Louis City Journal.

Wanted—A little group of Wilson men to take the place of a few willful ones.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Bryan seems bent on making the Nation a jug-o'-haunt victim.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

"Was it a moving sermon?" "Well, I noticed quite a number of people went out."—Boston Transcript.

The Methodist Bishop who prayed at the San Francisco convention for the Congress of the United States knew what was needed.—Omaha World-Herald.

Customer: Walter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained. Walter: A little bird, sir? Customer: Yes, a swallow.—Detroit Free Press.

A paragraph appearing in yesterday's Tennessean should have read as follows: "Perfume at One Dollar a Drop Confronting Milady."—Paris dispatch.

A dollar is worth about three cents in Paris, as twice, to read "cent." Do you wonder that the two editors, Cox and Harding, wanted to hunt new jobs?—Nashville Tennessean.

Galveston Daily News.

that if such is the wage scale the banks have lagged behind almost every other kind of business enterprise in the matter of advancing wages.

THE LARKIN MILLION FOR RANKEN.

It is now estimated that the Eli Hillis Larkin bequest available under the will for the David Ranken Jr. School of Mechanical Trades will amount approximately to \$1,000,000. This substantial addition to the property of the school comes at a time when the student body of the institution is rapidly increasing and when budget arrangements based on former outgo would be threatened with disturbance without increase in income.

Provision for the training of mind and body in the principles of mechanics has been sadly deficient throughout the country in the past and has failed to increase with growth in population. This school, whose creation was made possible by a generous St. Louisan of large vision, is potentially one of the most valuable of the many that add luster to St. Louis' prestige as an educational center. America has an urgent need for highly skilled men in its trades. Education in mechanics affords a mental discipline of advantage in any vocation. To the young man who has availed himself of the opportunities of such institutions as the Ranken, an attractive and useful career is opened, with possibilities of distinction. Men of technical equipment must be supplied in increasing numbers if the United States is to maintain its reputation as a resourceful, inventive nation. The processes by which revolutionary new inventions are given to the world no longer follow the old, haphazard lines. New devices, new methods, new formulas are developed in laborious scientific experimentation by men of learning and skill in mechanics, physics, chemistry.

With its \$4,000,000 endowment, Ranken will have an advanced place in preparing our youth for work for which city, State and country are making an imperative call.

FOUND FOR THE MOTOR CAR.

Judge Mix suggests an ordinance for impounding the vehicles of auto drivers who violate the traffic regulations. The pound is an old institution in common law penalties. To open its doors to motor cars would be no experiment. In sections of the country where its efficacy has been tested for some years it has been found that the speed maniac who looks on arrest and fine as a rather humorous experience climbs down off his perch of indifference when faced by the prospect of being deprived of his favorite vehicle for 30 or 60 or 90 days.

To imprison, not the owner, but the unoffending speed chariot with which he flouts the law may not seem like exact justice, but the impounded machines make no complaint and the owners simply despise this form of penalty. Despising it, they are cautious about incurring it.

The 45-ers having split into three different factions now, will each be known as 16-ers?

THE CLOSING OF THE WOOLEN MILLS.

The action of the American Woolen Co. in closing down its mills is denounced as a scheme to continue the high prices of cloth by President Hillman of the United Garment Workers, who further says that, as a result, the efforts of workers and manufacturers to reduce prices of clothing will be nullified and describes the outlook as a strike against the public welfare. (Circumstances tend to support the Hillman charges.)

Consider those circumstances. Only a short time ago the head of the American Woolen Co., W. M. Wood, declared that maximum production was the religious duty of every loyal citizen. He exhorted profiteers, whether in the ranks of greedy capital or toll-shirking labor. He announced, with a flourish, that his company had established stores in Lawrence, Mass., for the benefit of employees, and prices in the company stores were quoted in comparison with the prices in retail stores of Lawrence which, in effect, accused the latter of profiteering.

The sentiments expressed by Wood and the action of his company were something of a surprise. They were at variance with the record of Wood and his company, for years accounted among the notorious beneficiaries of the Government subsidy bestowed under the guise of a protective tariff. The assumption of virtue did not last long. Presently Wood and his company were indicted on the charge of profiteering. True, the indictment was quashed; it was not quashed, however, by the established innocence of the defendants, but by the acumen of their attorney, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who found a loophole in the Lever act through which his client slipped to safety, temporarily, at least.

With the exception of this humiliating experience, what has occurred since Mr. Wood's impassioned plea for maximum production to change our industrial situation? Maximum production is still the real solution for the cost of living, so all authorities are agreed. In any event, there can be no real relief without it. Yet Wood and his company have adopted a policy that seriously curtails production of cloth and, if persisted in, must inevitably send clothing prices higher. It should be stated that the woolen company explains that cancellation of orders has compelled the closing down of its mills, but Hillman contradicts that statement.

The reason for the shutdown, in view of all the circumstances and the unreliability of the suspects, is a matter for immediate investigation by the Government. The facts should be made public.

THEY SAY IT'S TO BE THE POLITEST CAMPAIGN IN HISTORY.

DOUBTFUL STATE
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR JAMES
NO NO—MY DEAR WARREN GAMBELL, YOU FIRST, I SEC OF YOU!

Hawaii likes us first rate in most things, but she doesn't like American lawyers. Her complaint against them is that they make law suits of too many matters which would get settled themselves if the lawyers would leave people alone. Great Caesar! How long has it taken the Hawaiians to make this discovery? Certainly she isn't just finding it out now. If she had and march through the city streets, each group displaying a banner telling how it lives, we would flee the city and hide out in the woods. The group which lives by bluffing us into paying whatever bills the profiteers hold against us would be 15 minutes passing a given point. The Hawaiians are saying something. Let them say so.

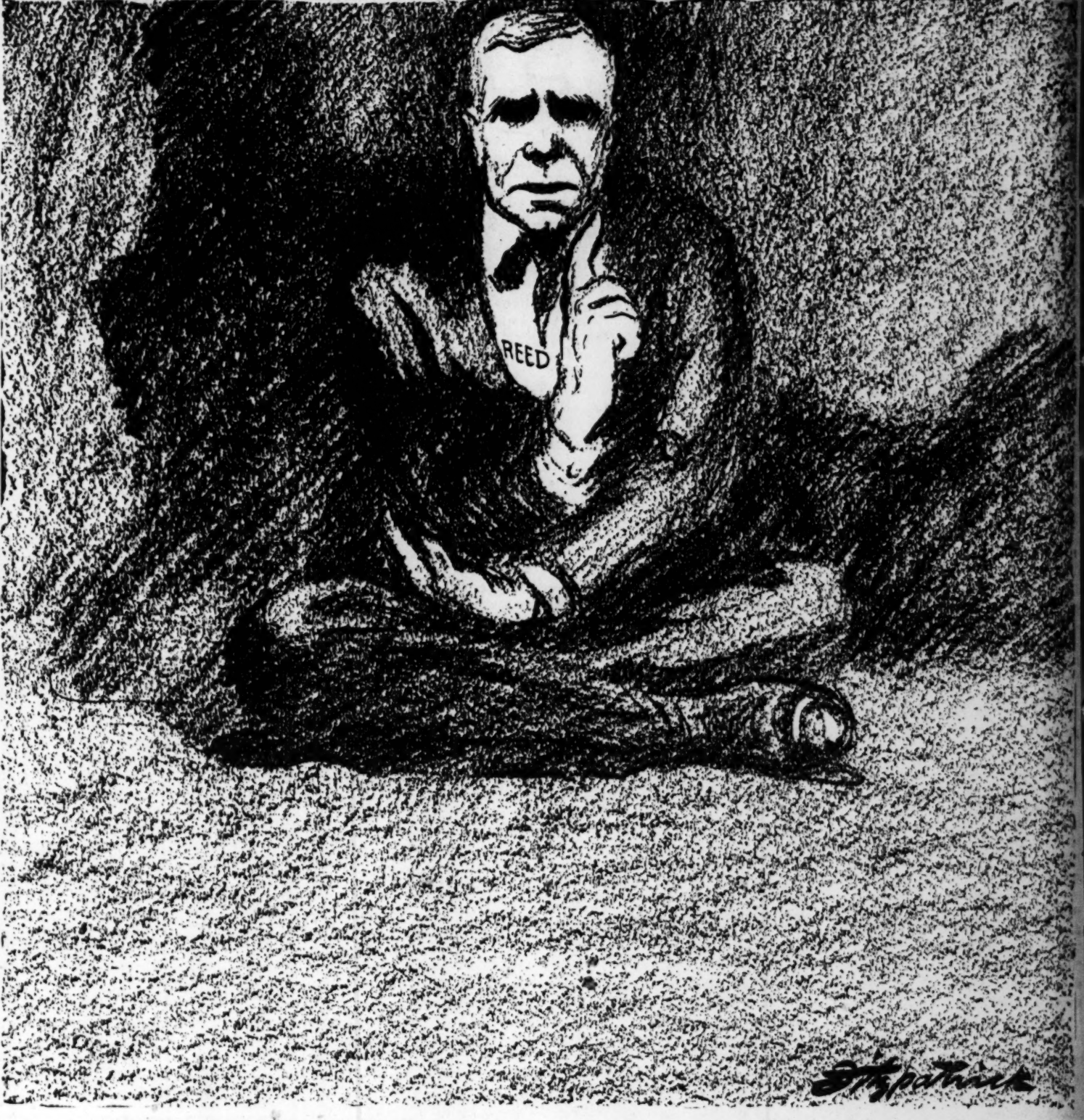
SIN-ICISM.

Women haters are mostly feminine. To register indifference, one must be in love. The optimist is a man who forgets more than he remembers.

The height of futility is attempting to chide an enamored man.

There are two kinds of wives—those who call attention to their husbands' faults and those who let other women sing their husbands' praises.

PAUL ARTHUR YAWITZ.



"AN' THE GOBBLE-UNS 'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!"

JUST A MINUTE

Written for the POST-DISPATCH
by Clark McDanna

HOW LONG! FREE VERSE, HOW LONG!

If classic poets, worth the name, immortalized in Halls of Fame—

If these, while living, dared to curse Their sacred art with such "Free Verse"—

The dog's-rel stuff, so often seen, In daily press or magazine.

The Muse, methinks, had hid its face To "scape, perchance, the sad disgrace—

The odium of its many foes Whose pen ne'er wrote good rhyme nor prose.

It seems to me it's well-nigh time To resurrect the Age of Rhyme

When worthy pens like those of Pope And opened wide the Door of Hope.

And gave us all a splendid view Of what one's pen could really do.

My free verse friends, pray! pardon me This act of my temerity.

If in these words, and plain and terse, I seek success from your free verse.

If this request, politely made, Or nothing else would serve to function,

I warn you that there will be prayed The court's decree of an injunction.

B. FRANKLIN HUNTER.
Rymster's License 89A, First Floor Front.

There is no river packet running this season between St. Paul and St. Louis, the local excursion having proved more profitable to the better grade of packets than this beautiful trip over half the length of the Mississippi. In addition, steamboats are scarce. Almost none have been built since costs increased so much, and some of the best boats in the river went down in the ice disaster to the Eagle fleet on the Tennessee River some winters back. Towboats are quite as badly needed as passenger craft. The barge line could put more barges in commission if it could get boats to tow them. We have not seen a time in 20 years when there were so few steamboats upon the river. One minor reason for meager construction is the experiment with screw-wheel tunnel boats which the Government is making. Concerns interested in towing on the river want to see how those boats are going to do, and if they meet the expectations of the Government engineers we shall see the old stern-wheel towboat disappear.

Portable garage built and erected.

There may be a difference between building and erecting a garage, but what?

No. 8237490: An advertisement from Forney, Missouri.

Abtively the Coolest Theater in Town.

Poolutely.

No. 7456359098552525809: Bad case of sinking apostrophe on Malt street.

Ice for Sale on Sunday.

My beat really covers all of Carondelet, but I picked one up on South Jefferson where the local sign hunter is apparently asleep. It is displayed by a filver dealer:

We Give Time Payments

Does this mean that they will give you a filver and pay you to use it?

No. K217490: An advertisement from Forney, Missouri.

Barber and Jeweler

This ought to be a good place to get a haircut. What?

No. G44: On a Broadway restaurant:

Sadwiches 5c

No. B23: From the advertisement of one of our local haberdashers:

Hot Weather Clothes for Men

Huh? When we are looking for the coolest hot weather clothes for men?

Why the Compositor Is Taking His Vacation From the Sycamore True Republican.

The twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Swanson celebrated their sixth birthday Thursday afternoon. Fifteen little friends, all girls but two, came from De Kalb, and with the children from Sycamore made quite a party.

MANUFACTURING "REDS."

L. P. EDWARDS in the Atlantic Monthly.

ANTON comes from Prague. He saves up a few hundred dollars and deposits it in an unregulated private bank, and when the bank closes its doors Anton quite naturally, even though quite unjustly, accuses the United States Government of robbing him of his hard-earned money. He meets an I. W. W. organizer while still smarting under a sense of the injustice done him, and another "Red" radical has been manufactured. George is a Greek. He falls into the hands of a "Florida" Land Co. which maintains an office in Chicago. He invests his little hoard in 10 acres which, he is assured, will make him independent for life. On reaching Florida he finds he has purchased a sand bank. When he is told that the company is perfectly legal and that he can get no redress at law, his rage turns against the Government, which he believes, most false, to be in league with the company to swindle him. So he, too, joins the "Reds." Such causes cannot be countered by teaching George to rectify the Declaration of Independence or by making Anton sing the "Star-Spangled Banner." They can be countered only by the reform of court procedure, adequate state banking laws, education of the police force, stricter surveillance of employment agencies, and by all the hundred and one works of righteousness and reform which are being carried out, often with little public encouragement, by a great host of private agencies for social justice working in all parts of the country.

TOLERANCE AS A DUTY.

GLENN FRANK in the Century.

I BELIEVE that a man can, with entire consistency, defend the rights of a minority, although he differs from and heartily despises its views, and, furthermore, that the safety, to say the least, of the republic demands that he do so. The spirit of this socially necessary tolerance is admirably illustrated in a letter Voltaire wrote to Helvetius, in which he said, "I wholly disapprove of what you say, and will defend to the death your right to say it." It is gratifying to note that American history is not without conspicuous examples of this Voltairean tolerance. As Prof. Chafee has pointed out, John Adams defended the British soldiers involved in the Boston massacre, Alexander Hamilton represented the British loyalists, and Gen. Grant favored the release of Jefferson Davis as a political prisoner. It is, of course, a bit discouraging to have to go so far back in our history for these examples, but we are glad they are there. In connection with any discussion of the social importance of tolerance, it is well to remember that there is no such thing as tolerance save tolerance for an idea that we regard as false and perhaps dangerous. If we consider an idea enlightened and an action safe, toleration of it means nothing.

THE TIPPING EVIL.

From World's Work.

FROM St. Louis it is reported that the head waiter of a large hotel has just gone into business for himself by renting, for \$30,000, a house on which he intends to spend \$50,000 for refurbishing and decorating. The reform is aimed at more than tipping; it represents an attempt to stamp out commercial bribery and brigandage of all kinds. Washington has under consideration four bills directed against commercial bribery. It hopes to establish the square deal in business. Several strong organizations of decent business men have endorsed the proposed laws—the National Association of Purchasing Agents, the American Bar Association, the Federal Trade Commission and the National Board of Farm Organizations. Opposition to these laws will probably be lacking, for the tiptaker and the bribe-taker are not persons who air their profession in public. At the present time various states have laws on the subject, but these are only indifferently enforced or are dead letters. At all events, the distinction between the gifts, as such, and bribes, is a fine one. It will take more than law to cleanse us of the evil.

THIRD
HIS enthusiasm
"O, I grant you
my mother's
Then she will be
a beautiful immortal
Ah, mademoiselle, I
idea? They had no
The heart's passion
what your father has
him?"
"That's what
Jacqueline's soft
ment with a swift
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my mother. Perhap
I cannot believe an
I have sung for hi
much has been ask
Jacqueline drew up
also dreamed, mon
away again. "Who
have these secrets
"I am your friend,
Whatever you wish.
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I need a brother"
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cancel the remark.
In three strides
take command of h
brother, at least. V
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"I thought so!"
these fiddles enla
gessed that much
"He's been willing
"He has taken my
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money has helped s
"And you have be
Jacqueline hid ne
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that stole about her.
"Come! Tell me
pleaded vainly.
The morning had
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"Listen!" she co
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"You can't lose him
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The HEART'S PASSION By BURTON KLINE

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

His enthusiasm lighted a smile in her eyes. "O, I grant you, monsieur, if he has copied my mother's voice!"

"Then she will live again, and forever! What a beautiful immortality! This is stupendous! Ah, mademoiselle, what if others did fall at the idea? They had nothing but the money in view. The heart's passion was wanting. They had not what your father had—and has now—to inspire him."

"That's what a poet would say, monsieur," said Jacqueline softly, regarding his pretty complacency with a swift flash of a smile. "Oh, I see you despise my hard reasoning. You think I am not my mother. Perhaps I have waited so long that I cannot believe any longer. Willingly enough I have sung for him, hoped for him. But too much has been asked of me. And—impetuously Jacqueline drew up and faced him—"have I not also dreamed, monsieur? Bah!" She whisked away again. "Who are you, monsieur, that you have these secrets out of me?"

"I am your friend, mademoiselle. Your brother. Whatever you wish."

Here something escaped the girl. "God knows I need a brother!" she said, before she could control herself, and rushed to the window as if to cancel the remark.

In three strides Earleigh was at her side, to take command of her. "I'm going to play the brother, at least. What can I do?"

Gazing blankly out of the window into the street, she shook her head. "Nothing can help, monsieur. There is no help, except in those visions."

"I see! That means Who is Genaro? Doesn't it?"

With that she turned suddenly and blazed at him. "Never dare to mention that man to me again!" came the quivering command. Then she broke altogether, leaning wearily against the wall.

"I thought so!" said Earleigh. "In some way these fiddles ensnare you to that man. I've guessed that much already."

"He's been willing to lend," she helped him on. "He has taken my mother's place. I suppose—she laughed—"his voice, too, will be heard! His money has helped so long to keep us going."

"And you have been his security?"

Jacqueline hid her face in her hands. Perhaps, in her agitation, she was not aware of the arm that stole about her. Perhaps she was aware of it.

"Come! Tell me it all," he pleaded. But he pleaded vainly.

The morning had gone. He thought of food, and the day being what it was, left her alone, in spite of her protests, and went out himself to fetch some. Afterwards for a while he chattered of everything he could think of to cheer her; declared his unbounded faith in the fiddles; painted pictures of the future before her, and only a few hours away. But suddenly the swift prosperity of their friendship received a check.

"Listen!" she commanded. They both heard a noise at the door down below. "Is it father?" They waited. "No, it's somebody having trouble with the latch. Maybe it's Genaro," he ventured. "You can't lose him!"

"I'm—I'm afraid!" Jacqueline willingly yielded to his firmer clasp of her.

Whoever it was, someone had begun on the first flight of stairs, but the step was heavy and stumbling.

"It's somebody with a heavy weight," Earleigh pronounced. "The expressman, probably. But he sounds as if he were drunk."

"Then I know who it is!" Jacqueline cried. "Where can I hide?"

"I am with you," Earleigh reminded her. His hope was that there might be some encounter, a satisfactory establishment of himself, a booting out of the invader. He stood to his feet, in front of Jacqueline, to be ready. The lagging footsteps drew nearer—and old Savarac himself entered the door.

Jacqueline gasped at his appearance, at his face. His clothing was muddled, as if he had fallen or leaned against wagons in the streets. Half escaping from his grasp was a violin case. And through his staring eyes looked the utter vacancy of an emptied world.

Without a glance at them he shambled into his inner room, slowly closed the door, slowly locked it. For an instant there was silence, then the bump of the fiddle case slipping to the floor, the sound of him thudding into a chair, and at last a great cry: "Eugenie! What must you think of me now!"

Another moment of silence, and then a sudden bustling, and other sounds—the banging and crackling of wood, as of someone opening boxes. "Good-by to you! Adieu! Be gone!" And another splintering of wood.

Earleigh and Jacqueline exchanged a startled, wondering look. "What is he doing?" she asked. "Monsieur!" called Earleigh.

"What?" the old man answered. "Even here he follows me! But you come too late!" And the ripping began anew.

Together Jacqueline and Earleigh threw their weight against the door. "He's—breaking them—all to pieces!" she gasped. "Don't you hear?"

"Monsieur, monsieur!" Earleigh was calling.

The crashing went on, to the accompaniment of Savarac's excited gibbering. "Tuba, you call them? You lie, I say! It is out of jealousy you call them tuba. This is a world of tuba! I might have known." Another crash to punctuate the eloquence.

"Save them! He is mad!" Jacqueline was crying, out of her lifetime of hunger. "They must be good! They must be! They are all we have in the world."

"Save them!" Savarac caught up the words. "Very well! This is the way I save them!" Another crash. "So! I save them! I send them back to the stillness that bore them. Poof! Another one saved! Good-by, my beauties. To me you sang, what else matters! What times!—there a catch in his voice—"what times we have had together!"

Earleigh had seized a chair, and with it he beat open the door. "Monsieur le Chevalier! Wait!" he said, rushing in.

"Monsieur le Chevalier?" Savarac, his hand stilled in this lucky inspiration of flattery, gazed in puzzled inquiry.

"Yes, Monsieur le Chevalier de Savarac. Don't you know me? I am your caller of this morning. Your friend and believer. Who has doubted your success?"

The fragments of a broken fiddle slipped from the old fellow's grasp as he stood, blinking, like a man trying to wake from a sleep.

"My success? Why," he pointed to the heap of splinters on the floor, "there lies my success. That is how I have paid for my mistake. I blot



"One only remains in the keeping of a certain young man and his wife."

it out. For"—his hands came up to his face—"how could we ever live on together?"

Earleigh had no ready answer to that, and Savarac babbled on, to himself. "That young man this morning—he said something about doubts. He was right. I thought there was something strange about his coming. Somewhere I have seen that young man before. He must have been sent to warn me. The doubts themselves were a warning. I should have known. It was too terrible a chance to take."

He stood thinking, then sank to his knees beside his bench, and his two yearning arms reached out to the unfinished fiddles still upon it.

Ah, my beauties, my poor dumb darlings! God alone knows what thoughts I put into you—how I tried to give you sweet voices! I saw you

in the hands of genius, bringing solace to sore hearts, adding a new beauty to the world. I saw people happy at hearing you, without even knowing who made them so happy. That is what your voices said to me. But if to others you are tuba"—his head fell forward on his arms; sobbings burst from him—"it is useless. Nothing else matters. I have only deluded myself."

Slowly Savarac rose to his feet, in resolve. Turning to Earleigh, he said: "My friend, whoever you are, you are right. It was wrong to have staked so much on such a venture. That means that here"—he tapped his forehead—"here we have the defective carving. Very well!" He whisked about to the bench and felt for a chisel. But Earleigh interposed.

"So?" the old gentleman puzzled. "I seem to

see poorly. But, of course, you are Genaro." He burst into loud laughter. "To you my life is valuable, even if it is not to myself! Well! I may as well tell you. I can never repay. It is over. I am nothing but an old man, terribly poor. Kill me if you wish. Nothing is gained by letting me live. Be kind, and begin!" He sank back into his worn old chair, tears trickling down his cheeks. "I can't live on and face things now."

It was the moment for a woman, and Jacqueline knew it. Crouching on the floor beside him, she took his hand and laid it against her thin cheek. "Father," she said, "here's one who believes in you, no matter what. And I can tell you that Genaro will never threaten you again. I am sure of that. Do you hear? Do you understand?"

But her words had electrical effect. Who she was, Savarac knew well enough, and had recoiled from her touch, because her very presence accused him. Rising with a start, he put her from him, none too gently. "Never bother me again? As if I considered him a bother! But never again, you say? Never?"

It was nothing to the old artist to have wrecked his fiddles—a flourish of self-pity. Out of his abundant powers he could always create others. The power was there, but where now were the means? That "never" was a locking of the last door in his face, forever.

Instantly the old passion was alive again. The maddened man quivered as the sense of overwhelming loss came home to him. "Isn't Genaro with us—out there?" he thundered down at Jacqueline's bowed head. "You have lost him? He is lost to me? Ha—ha!" And he would have brought down his fist, but that again Earleigh interposed.

The girl was ready enough in her own defense, and Earleigh learned at last the reason for that haunting note in her voice, as she leaped to her feet, a tower of wrath. "Father! You sold me to that man! Everything else I willingly endured for your sake. I endured even him, horrible as he was. You little know what you owe me—the torture of disgust I have gone through to keep that man good-natured to you a little while longer. Every minute of it was a burning shame. But I endured it. I hoped and hoped, as you did, for the hour of success, when I could send him flying, his money all paid. But he—he asked too much. Do you understand?"

"As for that," Earleigh was eager to say something. But the father was speaking. Jacqueline's stinging words had brought him to himself—had waked, that is, the old fanaticism in him from its moment of humility.

"So!" he gasped, panting heavily. "I give my life, I give my all, a lifetime of frightful toil and struggle, for the loftiest purpose a man can have—to add a little something to the world's store of beauty. It is all too little. But what did your mother not do to aid me! To you I owe my ruin. I saw how it was with you, and I hastened. That haste has ruined all. A year longer—one more year—and we should be rich and honored. Look at us now! When I needed it most, when victory was within my grasp, when you might have obtained me the little more time, you!"

"Father!" Jacqueline called, to block the inflame before the stricken man could utter it. "You could have managed," they heard his mumbled retort, for he had turned his back to her eyes, and was interested in his broken fiddles. Tenderly he lifted and fondled the fragments of

broken wood. Quite unexpectedly he had stumbled upon a plausible excuse to himself for his failure. "That explains it all," he was muttering. "I hastened. That did it!"

One broken fragment he neglected—the figure of Jacqueline, crumpled down on the dusty boards, weeping over their broken lives.

Earleigh for a moment was overmastered by feeling. There was in him that which, for all his wrath, made him pity the fanatic father almost as much as the girl. When he thought he had command of himself he began groping for words.

"Monsieur de Savarac, it is strange—as you have said—that I should be here. I wonder at it myself. Because it is so fortunate. I am not—it he waited to see how his words would be taken—"not altogether so poor after all."

Savarac whipped about, too astonished to speak. "By great good fortune," Earleigh went on, "you have overlooked one of your violins. It lies on the table out there. I will buy it, if you will let me. You may name your price."

Savarac brought his hand to his ear, as if to make sure of what he heard.

"I still have faith in your skill, monsieur," Earleigh was saying, "but not in your temper. And there seem to be other cares that should be spared you." He smiled, to point his double meaning, and laid his hand on Jacqueline's shoulder.

Savarac had missed the subtlety. His head was full of other thoughts as he came closer to Earleigh and peered at him curiously. "So!" he said. "You—you have money? And you will buy? That is an idea! That is—an idea." He turned back to his bench, picked up an unfinished top and studied it. "There is a mistake." He touched a curve with his finger. "No more mistakes next time! I must—I must— Why!" he stammered and turned again to Earleigh with the light of a blinding vision in his face.

For a second he was silent, open-eyed, open-mouthed. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands and fell back into his ancient work chair with a great burst of a cry.

"Then I can begin again!" he said.

It was not to be Savarac's fortune to begin again. The shocks of that day were too much for him. Into the silence he followed his broken fiddles. One only remains, in the keeping of a certain young man and his wife. Sometimes they lend it to a celebrated public performer. And is it altogether out of key with the perseverance of human affairs that he has made that violin famous? People hear in its tone a startling resemblance to the joyous, welcoming voice of a woman.

THE END.

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Beginning in tomorrow's Post-Dispatch

"SPEED"

by Henry C. Rowland

wherein you are reminded that the hare and tortoise idea is all right in a fable, but doesn't work out in real life—especially if there's a girl in the case.

The Weekly Health Talk

By Dr. Max C. Starkloff,

Health Commissioner of St. Louis.

THERE is a disposition to regard as medical fads advancements in preventive medicine, particularly when an insect is charged with being the conveying medium of disease. So much attention has been given to the housefly, however, in newspapers and magazines, so unanimous has been his condemnation and so apparent are his filthy habits that gradually people are coming to a realization that his elimination is a necessity.

It is doubtful, however, were it not for his habit of filth if it would not have been a long time before concerted action was obtained against him. It is easy to believe what we can see. We see him come from filth to food and we believe that he is a carrier of filth. But by the aid of the microscope only can we see the disease germs he carries on his feet and body and hence the majority of the people must accept this as hearsay.

Before science demonstrated in a manner that could not be questioned that the mosquito (and only one species) was the transmitter of yellow fever and that another species of mosquito was the transmitter of malaria, who was there that would not have ridiculed and did not ridicule this "medical fad." Had not millions of dollars of property been burned that was yellow fever infected?

Was it not absolute that the malaria of the marsh conveyed malaria? We firmly were these ideas implanted that lives had to be sacrificed to prove their falsity.

Today we know absolutely that the mosquito is the only cause of these diseases that have cost thousands of lives and, in the case of yellow fever, caused epidemics that have decimated cities and depopulated wide areas.

In 1914-19 Europe was swept by typhoid plague, causing deaths estimated at 25,000,000. In 1915 there were 70,000 deaths from this disease in London. Of course this is remote, but today we find the disease knocking at our doors. Formerly the manner of its transmission was unknown. Today we know that the common rat, the mouse infected and the flea, by the rat and later biting a human, is the carrier. The flies and

Peeping Pansy Fairy Tales

BY MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

Pansy Finds a Singing Brook.

PANSY arrived at an enchanted spot. It was a tiny clearing in the forest, through which a little gurgling stream ran between green moss and clusters of forget-me-nots.

The water was clear as crystal, and the pebbles it was hurrying over looked like precious stones. But most wonderful of all, the stream had a voice and was singing a strange little song.

Pansy clasped her hands. "This is a fairy spot," she murmured. "And the voice of the stream is the most lovely voice I've ever heard!"

In an ecstasy of delight Pansy looked about her, and there nestling at the foot of a huge tree was a little hut, its roof planted with dew-drops, its walls of shimmering glass. As the breeze swept over their fragile heads they gave out a low mysterious note as, though someone hitting with a magic wand against glasses filled with water.

"Oh! Dame Damsydimmydoo must be quite near here," cried Pansy. "Surely, surely, that perfect little hut can only belong to her! Because who else plants flowers on the roof?"

"There is much to be told of this world. Oh! so old. Of its joy and its pain. Of its light and its rain. And all those that may seem to belong to a dream. May really not be visions that we can see. When our hearts are quite free,

the rat, then, should be exterminated and as it is easier to exterminate the rat, who is after all the source of the infection, let us make concerted warfare on him.

If the germs of disease or the virus of disease circulate in the blood, as we know is true, any biting insect may convey such disease. And this brings us to perhaps the most dangerous insect of all, the bedbug. That he transmits at least two diseases is certain. These are bubonic plague and the tropical kala-azar, or dum-dum fever. It is likely he may also transmit infantile paralysis, measles, tuberculosis, scarlet fever or any infectious disease. His agency is the most plausible explanation of the transmission of leprosy.

From all that is wrong"—sang the little stream, and Pansy felt quite dazed, quite overwhelmed, so that, slipping from her pony, she approached the rivulet, and kneeling down gazed the sky-blue forget-me-nots, she gazed entranced into the water.

"I'm flowing, I'm flowing To the deep far blue sea. And there where I'm going. Others also shall be. Bend over my water. Oh! sweet little daughter Of the wood and the fen. Of the deep green glen. For your face is as pure As the sources that cure Every ill upon earth. I'll carry you right away To the light of your two eyes. That resemble blue skies Where the small angels play!"

Whispered the stream, and bending down, Pansy touched the rippling surface with her warm red lips.

"I love you," murmured Pansy. "You are fresh and clear, and good and wonderful, and the scent of the forget-me-nots on your banks make me really believe I am in Heaven."

"Caw, caw!" with a clashing harshness, this well-known voice broke through Pansy's ecstasies.

"Oh, you black dreadful creature!" cried Pansy, springing to her feet. "Yes, I'm here, with all my ugliness and with my nasty sharp beak."

"With your nasty sharp tongue," corrected Pansy. "Would you like to try which is sharper?" and like a black storm-cloud the great crowd fluttered down beside Pansy.

"I can't understand why you are so nasty and unfriendly with me!" whimpered Pansy.

"He's jealous of your nice pink color and of the delicious snubbiness of your nose," exclaimed Pinky-Pansy, who had skipped across the grass where Pansy stood sorely perplexed.

"He quite spoils this lovely place. I wanted to talk to the little river. I wanted to listen to the blue-bells chiming. Then he came and disturbed everything with his hoarse, ugly voice and his rude way of talking."

"Come along, little Pansy, ignore his vile chatter—and just behind you

there is a sweet little door to knock at."

"Do you think Dame Damsydimmydoo is in that adorable little hut?" asked Pansy with bated breath. "It would be just like her to have a lovely little place right in the middle of this huge great forest."

"Try and see," said Pinky-Pansy. "Saw, caw!" the crow, and flew from off the ground, rudely brushing Pansy's soft face with his sooty wings.

"Phui!" cried Pansy, indignantly rubbing her cheek. "I really hate him!"

"There, there, don't upset yourself. There are rude people in the world, and we must just learn to bear with them, however disagreeable they may be," said the Imp.

"But they may also have qualities you may know nothing about," croaked a crow from a branch above their heads, upon which he had settled down.

"For goodness' sake don't begin arguing with him," warned Pinky-Pansy. "You'll never have the last word, and it's no good upsetting yourself in this lovely place, where we all ought to be so jolly and friendly!" and Pinky-Pansy began to caper about like a scarlet grasshopper, making all sorts of extraordinary movements with his arms and legs.

"Now, I'm going to knock at this dear little door," said Pansy; "I'm longing to know if my dear old friend is inside."

"Yes, knock away," cried the Elf. "See! All the fairy bluebells are bending toward you to watch what you are going to do!"

And verily, all the lovely violet-blue flowers had turned their faces toward the little girl and were staring at her, whilst the sweet, vibrating sound she had heard, filled the air with mysterious enchantment.

The Council of the Institution of Automobile Engineers in London has decided that women may be admitted to the institution provided that they possess the necessary qualifications for any of the grades of membership. These qualifications will not be varied in any way from those demanded from male members.

HOME ECONOMICS

By Mrs. Elizabeth Kent.

FINANCING THE HOME.

IN every family there should be a well-developed policy regarding the business of the home. Every man upon assuming the position of head of a household should face its finances, with the future which he desires to attain clearly before him. Nowhere does the success of a venture depend so entirely upon hearty co-operation, for if the wife does not do her share intelligently, and if the man does not wisely assist and give his support, failure is inevitable from the start, and it is a partnership difficult to dissolve.

In the beginning the wife contributes her share of management and labor, for the help she gives in doing, as the husband's earnings, though the world has been slow to recognize the economic value of housework, must have a definite allowance, and be held to it. Mutual respect and good business are both possible in the home, where the fundamental basis of honest living is ignored. When there are children they should be taught very young that they, too, must do something to justify their existence, and they should be given an opportunity to lighten the burdens of their parents.

As soon as children begin to earn money it is their duty to contribute to the family support as much as they would have to pay in a boarding house. If the parents do not actually need this help, the money should be banked against the rainy day. If parents allow children to spend all their earnings upon their clothes and their pleasures they are allowing them to form false habits, because they are not honest with life. It is not honest for responsible people to let others contribute to their necessities while they spend their earnings upon luxuries. They are parasites within the family circle, learning wrong standards of dress and pleasure, and when they have to face the stern duties and stern financial facts of life, they are unprepared and helpless.

(Copyright, 1920.)

OATMEAL COOKIES

CREAM two-thirds cup butter and two-thirds cup brown sugar, add one egg, one cup of rolled oats, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well. If dry add a little cream. Bake in a buttered pan.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



The Little Joke of Nimbleheels

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Some folks jump into trouble; I jump the other way. To jump unheeding, blindly. Will very seldom pay. —Nimbleheels.

OF course, Peter Rabbit couldn't possibly keep to himself the story of how he had fooled Old Man Coyote. I am afraid Peter boasted a little. I suspect that he forgot that but for Jerry Muskrat he wouldn't have succeeded as he did. It is one of the queer things of life that people do forget such things. Anyway, late the next afternoon Peter ran over to the edge of the Green Forest and with a little group of his friends about him he told the story of his adventures and grew quite puffed out with pride as his friends admired him for his smartness. Peter dearly loves to be admired, in which matter he is not much different from most folks.

Just as he ended his story something landed on the ground right in the middle of that circle of little folks and almost at Peter's very feet. It was so unexpected and startling that the result was very funny. Peter didn't even look to see what it was; he bolted for a hollow log near by. Danny Meadow Mouse scurried under a little pile of dead leaves. Whitefoot the Wood Mouse thrust in a knothole in the log on which he had been sitting. Jumper the Hare dodged behind a little pile of brush. Johnny Chuck backed up against a great tree trunk ready to fight. Only Happy Jack the Grass Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, who were sitting in a tree, remained where they were. You see, they felt quite safe.

Then every one looked to see what had frightened them so. Perhaps you can guess how very foolish they felt when all they saw was a little fellow about the size of Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, but with a much longer tail. It was Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse.

Johnny Chuck stopped snapping his teeth in the threatening way he has and began to chuckle. The chuckle became a laugh and presently Johnny was laughing so that he had to hold his fat sides. Now, as you

CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Subject of the lesson—sermon at each church service.

GOLDEN TEXT: Lamentations 3: 26.

FIRST CHURCH, King's Highway and Westminster place, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Reading room, 4950 Delmar boulevard, open daily from 9 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. Sunday from 2 to 5 p. m.

SECOND CHURCH, 4204 Washington boulevard, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. THIRD CHURCH, 3524 Russell avenue, 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m.

FOURTH CHURCH, 4300 Pae Boulevard, 11 a. m. Reading room, 5451 Pae Boulevard, open daily from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. except Wednesday from 2 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

FIFTH CHURCH, Kingsway's Hall, 3121 South Grand avenue, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Reading room, 4950 Delmar boulevard, open daily from 9 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. Sunday from 2 to 5 p. m.

SIXTH CHURCH, Mount Moriah Temple, 10:45 a. m. and Natural Bridge WEDNESDAY EVENING TESTIMONY MEETING at all of the churches.

DOWNTOWN READING ROOM, 1414 Railway Exchange Building. Open daily from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. except Wednesday, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Second Presbyterian Church, Taylor Avenue at Westminster Place, John W. MacIvor, Minister. Morning Worship at 11:00 A. M. Norman L. Euwer will preach.

"The Larger Self" Women's Bible Class, 10:00 A. M. Men's Bible Class, 10:00 A. M. Misses, welcome to all services.

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MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

By James J. Montague.



A RAY OF HOPE.

A world of ferment has passed into a world perplexed.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

Through youth and manhood I've deplored
My lack of erudition;
To have my head with wisdom stored
Has been my pet ambition.
I've grieved to think how very small
My stock of higher knowledge,
I fancied I would know it all
If I had been to college.
"There's old Nick Butler," I would sigh,
"Nobody ever stumps THAT guy."

Yet, lo! he rises to confess
That lots of things perplex him;
He says he hasn't got a guess
On mysteries that vex him.
He knows that we are on our way;
But where we may be going,
The Doc is frank enough to say
He has no means of knowing.
Concerning what the years may bring,
The Doctor don't know ANY thing.

This cheers me up a lot somehow,
If all of Butler's learning
Has put no bulge upon his brow,
Nor made him more discerning.
It makes me think perhaps that I,
In my few years remaining,
May very possibly get by
Despite my dearth of training.
If such is Butler's ignorance,
Why, even I may have a chance!



THE EXPLOSION IS SURE TO FOLLOW.
Viscount Bryce says England is anxious to let go of Ireland, but

Discovery.

I watch her as she tucks away
Her very swaggy porte-monnaie.
Her lace kerchief, her powder-puff,
And, as if that were not enough,
She to this formidable array
Adds tickets for the matinee
Within her muff.
I marvel with man's dismay
That such small place holds this display.
Then suddenly through lace and fluff,
Unmindful of her "don't be rough,"
I seek to find if room there may
Be for aught else that comes her way
Within her muff.
And though she frowns and cries me nay
I persevere in love's affray:
I touch a glove, small, dainty, buff,
And then—from out its silky ruff
A small hand slips in mine—I say
The sweetest thing I found that day
Within her muff.
—Carolina Tar Baby.

The Prof. Forgets.

Prof.: But I read this very same paper on the American Colonies last year! It was handed in by another student!
Student: But you forget, professor, that History repeats itself.—Iowa Fritol.

The Expert POLO Player Takes Up Golf.—By Fontaine Fox. (Copyright, 1929.)



—and discovers that the general results from the tee and through the fairway are much better when he drives the ball along in this manner.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN FITZ WASHINGTON NYE IN A BATHING SUIT LOOKED LIKE A WONDERFUL GUY.



WHILE ANGELO HIGGINS MEBIMBO, I'M TOLD, ON THE BEACH WAS A VERY SAD SIGHT TO BEHOLD.



BUT LOOK AT ABE NYE WHEN HE WEARS EVENING CLOTHES. HE LOOKS LIKE A BUNDLE OF RAGS IN REPOSE.



WHILE ANGELO, WHEN IN FULL DRESS, LOOKS SO GRAND THAT HE HAS ALL THE GIRLS EATING OUT OF HIS HAND.

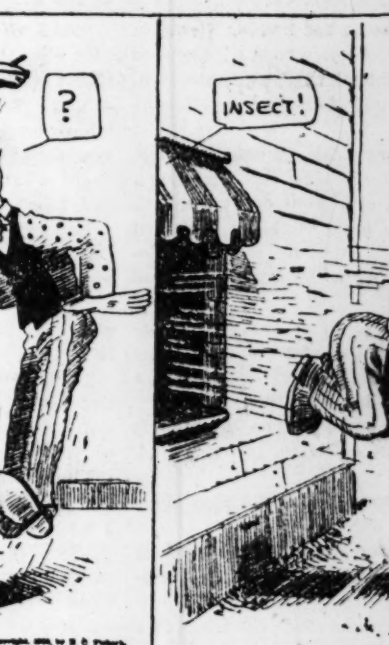


MIKE & IKE - THEY LOOK ALIKE

AND MAYBE ALKALI IKE DID ENJOY HIMSELF, AT THAT.—By C. M. PAYNE



JEFF AGREES WITH MUTT THAT A HYPOCRITE'S AN AWFUL THING.—By BUD FISHER. (Copyright, 1929.)



Well Weighted.

Lady (engaging new maid): Are you accustomed to waiting at table?
Marie Louise: Oh, yes; I'm the youngest of 12, and always got served last.—London Mail.

Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out



Not So Pretty.

"Going out for the hockey team, Bill?"
"Naw, every time I get on a skate it brings back old times and I lose all interest in the game."—Penn. State Froth.

Married.

"When he was courting me, he'd coo to me for hours."
"Yes?"
"I never dreamed he'd holler at me."—Detroit Free Press.

Delayed.

"Started work in your garden yet?"
"No. My neighbor's been so busy working in his I haven't had the heart to borrow his tools."—Detroit Free Press.

The Prof.'s Wheeze.

Prof. You're not enough of a militarist.
Student: Why not, sir?
Prof.: Every time I call on you, you're unprepared.—Brown Jug.

Home, Sweet Home—If George Has the Proper Tools He Can Spoil Anything (Copyright, 1929.)



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